**Filling in the Blanks of Mizumono**

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/31126031.

| | |
|---|---|
| Rating: | Explicit |
| Archive Warning: | Graphic Depictions Of Violence |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | Hannibal (TV) |
| Relationships: | Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter |
| Characters: | Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Anthony Dimmond, Abigail Hobbs, Bedelia Du Maurier |
| Additional Tags: | Angst, Blood, Blood Kink |
| Language: | English |
| Series: | Part 4 of Twitter Threads |
| Stats: | Published: 2021-05-06 Words: 914 Chapters: 1/1 |

# Filling in the Blanks of Mizumono

by anabridge

Summary

When he isn't perfectly zipped into his person suit, Hannibal's emotions get the best of him. Will's betrayal makes Hannibal impulsive and his emotions bleed through. This is what happens after Hannibal leaves his kitchen in Mizumono.

Notes

This is one of the few angsty threads I've posted on Twitter! Come say if you'd like! @hannabitchwill

The image of Will clutching Abigail on his kitchen floor is burned into his mind as Hannibal makes his way to the front door. He drops the linoleum knife near the foyer, but he barely hears the clatter it makes. He feels numb.

But just when Hannibal thought he left Will Graham behind, he gets a wif of that atrocious aftershave once more. Has Will come to grant him his forgiveness so soon? He looks back but sees that Will is not there.

Instead, he sees the source of that smell in front of him. And it's coming from Alana. Despite his numbness, Hannibal feels a fresh pang of jealousy flow through him. He walks closer to Alana's figure lying motionless on the ground. Will's coat is shielding her from the rain.

He hears police sirens in the distance. He tells himself he needs the coat to conceal the bloodstains on his white shirt. But really, Hannibal is a masochist who enjoys making himself suffer just so he can smell Will as he walks away from his gutted body.

He doesn't hesitate to pull Will's coat off Alana's shoulders. He quickly puts it on and disappears into the darkness of the night. Each step he takes further away from the house physically hurts him. The rain masks the tears that stream down his face.

To think that he was so close this time. For the first time in his adult life, Hannibal had let another truly see him, know him. He had loved Will Graham. A part of him still did, despite what he had just done. He had cut his love within an inch of his life to hurt him back.

Will's betrayal was a reminder that Hannibal could never stray far from the person suit he wore so securely, at least not here in Baltimore. It had served him well all these years. But Hannibal knew he couldn't go back to hiding who he was. Not now that he had been seen.

As Hannibal treads his way quietly through the city at night, he tries his best to clear his mind. With the strong scent of the woods, aftershave, and dog fur on Will's coat clouding his olfactory system, Hannibal finds himself outside the home of Bedelia du Maurier.

After making quick work of the home security system, Hannibal walks straight to the bathroom. He unbuttons his shirt slowly, looking in the mirror at all the places that Will's blood has stained his once crisp white button-down. He almost can't bring himself to look away.

Before he takes it off, Hannibal gives himself a moment to trace the lower left side of the shirt, where the red of Will's blood is the darkest. He clutches his own belly beneath that stain, remembering how tightly he held Will against his own body after penetrating him.

After all his clothes are neatly folded and ready to be burned and destroyed later, Hannibal turns on the water. Even now, he hesitates to erase all traces of Will from him. Because he can't resist, he slips two of the fingers from his right hand into his mouth.

They are still coated with Will's blood, and Hannibal sucks them greedily. Even when he's made the choice to leave Will behind, Hannibal knows the two of them can never be free of

one another. He licks into his palm just before he steps into the shower.

Hannibal allows himself to close his eyes as the warm water runs through his hair, over his back, and down his arms that he has braced against the shower wall. At this moment, he allows himself to be true to his emotions and come to terms with what he's done.

While he can't guarantee that Will would be able to forgive him, he knows that he had to hurt Will in order to forgive his betrayal. Pain and pleasure, love and forgiveness are two sides of the same coin for Hannibal. He must allow himself to let go of the pain. For now.

As he scrubs away the last traces of Will's blood across his stomach, Hannibal thinks of the two packed suitcases that lie waiting in his bedroom. They are filled with clothing embroidered and custom-made for Will and Abigail. The ache in his chest clutches at him once more.

When he steps out of the shower, he still smells traces of Will. Across his collarbones, where the collar of Will's coat rested, and along his stomach, where Will's cut stomach had dried against him. His entire body now smells faintly of Will.

After drying himself off, Hannibal brings the towel close to his nose, breathing in the musky, rich essence of Will one final time. In his struggle to let go, Hannibal is reminded once more that Will is and would always be his only weakness.

---

Weeks later in Florence, Hannibal finds himself imagining how Will would look walking the beautiful streets by his side. Imagines how Abigail would enjoy studying Italian at the nearby college. Imagines how Will would react to this peculiar Antony Dimmond. Would he be jealous?

Alas, Hannibal must remind himself that in this reality, he has made his choice to leave without Will and Abigail. And just for now, he must let Will Graham go. He focuses instead on the task in front of him.

He focuses on crafting Antony's body into a broken heart in the Norman Chapel in Palermo that mirrors his own.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!